

## Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Ammerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Am. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,  
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for ioy  
To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe.Deere Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,  
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooves:As a long parted Mother with her Child,  
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting;So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my Earth,  
And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,  
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauinous fence:But let thy Spiders, that suck vp thy Venome,  
And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,  
Which with vsurping steps doe trample thee.Yield stinging Nettles to mine Enemies;  
And when they from thy Bosome pluck a Flower,Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,  
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touchThrow death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.  
Mock not my fencelesse Coniuration, Lords;This Earth shall haue a feeling, and these Stones  
Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Native KingShall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.  
Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you KingHath power to keepe you King, in spite of all.  
Am. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,Whilest Bullingbrooke through our securitie,  
Growes strong and great, in substance and in friends.Rich. Discomfortable Cousin, knowest thou not,  
That when the searching Eye of Heauen is hidBehind the Globe, that lights the lower World,  
Then Theeues and Robbers range abroad vncene,In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here:  
But when from ynder this Terrestriall BallHe fires the proud tops of the Easterne Pines,  
And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,Then Murthers, Treasons, and detested sinnes  
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves.  
So when this Theefe, this Traytor Bullingbrooke,Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,  
Shall see vs rising in our Throne, the East,His Treasons will fit blushing in his face,  
Not able to endure the sight of Day;But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his sinne.  
Not all the Water in the rough rude SeaCan wash the Balme from an anoynted King;  
The breath of worldly men cannot deposeThe Deputie elected by the Lord:  
For euery man that Bullingbrooke hath prest,To lift shrewd Steele against our Golden Crowne,  
Heauen for his Richard hath in heau'nly payA glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,  
Weake men must fall, for Heauen still guards the right.Enter Salisbury.  
Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?Salisb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,  
Then this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue,And bids me speake of nothing but despaire:  
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth:  
Oh call backe Yesterday, bid Time returne,And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:  
To day, to day, ynhappy day too lateOrethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;  
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,Are gone to Bullingbrooke, dispers'd, and fled.  
Am. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace sopale?  
Rich. But now the blood of twentie thousand menDid triumph in my face, and they are fled;  
And till so much blood thither come againe,Haue I not reason to looke pale, and dead?  
All Soules that will be safe, flye from my side,For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.  
Am. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.Rich. I had forgot my selfe. Am I not King?  
Awake thou sluggard Maiestie, thou sleepest:Is not the Kings Name fortie thousand Names?  
Arme, arme my Name: a punie subiect strikesAt thy great glory. Look not to the ground,  
Ye Fauorites of a King: are wee not high?High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle Yorke  
Hath Power enough to serue our turne,But who comes here? Enter Scroope.  
Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,Then can my care-run'd tongue deliuer him.  
Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:The worst is worldly losse, thou canst vnfold:  
Say, Is my Kingdome lost? why 'twas my Care:And what losse is it to be rid of Care?  
Striues Bullingbrooke to be as Great as wee?Greater he shall not be: If hee serue God,  
Wee'l serue him too, and be his Fellow so.Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,  
They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:Cry Woe, Destruction, Ruine, Losse, Decay,  
The worst is Death, and Death will haue his day.Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so arm'd  
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.Like an vnseasonable stormie day,  
Which make the Sildier Riuer drowne their Shores,As if the World were all dissol'd to teares:  
So high, above his Limits, swells the RageOf Bullingbrooke, covering your fearefull Land  
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:White Beares haue arm'd their rhin and hairelesse Scalps  
Against thy Maiestie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female joints  
In stiffe vnwieldie Armes: against thy CrowneThy very Beadsmen learne to bend their Bowes  
Of double fatall Eugh: against thy StateYea Distaffe-Women manage rustie Bills:  
Against thy Seat both young and old rebell,And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.  
Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'st a Tale so ill.Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?  
What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?That they haue let the dangerous Enemy  
Measure our Confinnes with such peacefull steps?If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it.  
I warrant they haue made peace with Bullingbrooke.Scroope. Peace haue they made with him indeede (my  
Lord.)Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,  
Dogges, easily woo'd to fawne on any man,Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that sting my heart,  
Three Iudas'es, each one thrice worse then Iudas,Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre  
Vpon their spotted Soules for this Offence.Scroope. Sweet Loue (I see) changing his propertie,  
Turnes to the fowrest, and most deadly hate:Againe vncurse their Soules; their peace is made  
With Heads, and not with Hands: those whom you curseHaue felt the worst of Deaths destroying hand,  
And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.Am. Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire  
dead?Scroope. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.  
Am. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speake:  
Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,Make Dust our Paper, and with Raynie eyes  
Write Sorrow on the Bosome of the Earth.Let's chuse Executors, and talke of Wills:  
And yet not so; for what can we bequeath,Sauer our deposted bodies to the ground?  
Our Lands, our Liues, and all are Bullingbrookes,And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,  
And that small Modell of the barren Earth,Which serues as Paste, and Couer to our Bones:  
For Heauens sake let vs sit vpon the ground,And tell sad stories of the death of Kings:  
How some haue been depos'd, some flaine in warre,Some haunted by the Ghosts they haue depos'd,  
Some payson'd by their Wiues, some sleeping kill'd,All murder'd. For within the hollow Crowne  
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique sits  
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,  
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,  
As if this Flesh, which walls about our Life,Were Brasse impregnable: and humor'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little PinneBores through his Castle Walls, and farwell King.  
Couer your heads, and mock not flesh and bloodWith solemne Reuerence: throw away Respect,  
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,For you haue but mistooke me all this while:  
I liue with Bread like you, feeble Wanr,Taste Griefe, need Friends: subiect thus,  
How can you say to me, I am a King?Carl. My Lord, wise men ne're waile their present woes,  
But presently prevent the wayes to waile:To feare the Foe, since feare oppresth strength,  
Gives in your weakenesse, strength vnto your Foe;Feare, and be flaine, no worse can come to fight,  
And fight and die, is death destroying death,Where fearing, dying, payes death sterile breath.  
Am. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.  
Rich. Thou chid'st me well: proud Bullingbrooke I comeTo change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:  
This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,An easie taske it is to winne our owne.  
Say Scroope, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie  
The state and inclination of the day;So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:  
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to say:I play the Torturer, by small and small  
To lengthen out the worst, that must be spoken.Your Vnckle Yorke is ioy'd with Bullingbrooke,  
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes  
Vpon his Faction.Rich. Thou hast said enough,  
Bestrew thee Cousin, which didst lead me forthOf that sweet way I was in, to despaire:  
What say you now? What comfort haue we now?By Heauen Ile hate him eu'lastingly,  
That bids me be of comfort any more,Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,  
A King, Woes slaue, shall Kingly Woe obey:That Power I haue, discharge, and let 'em goe  
To care the Land, that hath some hope to grow,For I haue none. Let no man speake againe  
To alter this, for counsaile is but vaine.Am. My Liege, one word.  
Rich. He does me double wrong,That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,  
Discharge my followers: let them hence away,From Richards Night, to Bullingbrookes faire Day.  
Exeunt.

## Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke,  
Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne  
The Welchmen are dispers'd, and Salisbury  
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed  
With some few priuate friends, vpon this Coast.North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,  
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.Yorke. It would befeme the Lord Northumberland,  
To say King Richard: alack the heauie day,When such a sacred King should hide his head.  
North. Your Grace mistakes: onely to be brieue,Left I his Title out.  
Yorke. The time hath beene,Would you haue beene so brieue with him, he would  
Haue beene so brieue with you, to shorten you,For taking so the Head, your whole heads length.  
Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) farther then you should.Yorke. Take not (good Cousin) farther then you should.  
Least you mistake the Heauens are ore your head.Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and oppose not my selfe  
Against their will. But who comes here?Enter Percie.  
Welcome Harry: what, will not this Castle yeeld?Per. The Castle royally is mann'd, my Lord,  
Against thy entrance.

Bull. Roy-